

Retrival

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Summary: a covert mission goes out of contact and the rescuers must race against time to find the operatives before the covenant do

Read and Review Please IA][

Retrival

Yeah, there are two Spartans in this Chapter, The Master Chief and A Chief Petty Officer, I don't own Halo

The huge vehicle sped down the highway, swerving in and out of the incoming traffic and narrowly avoiding the concrete dividers on the road. The driver spun the oversized wheel to the stops to avoid other trucks but as soon as he had done so, he had to spin the wheel in the opposite direction to minimize the risk of the truck jackknifing. Suddenly, the radar console gave a shrill beeping noise and Arun staggered towards it. A huge blip was approaching from behind and the tag labeled it as a hostile object. Suddenly, a huge blue crater appeared in the center of the road and the truck barreled into it, pushed forward by its huge mass. The truck's cab was crushed by the much heavier trailer and the driver was thrown out of the front window by the computer which smashed into his seat. Arun was dashed against the straps of his jump seat and blacked out when his head cracked on the seat's headrest. Dimly, through the haze of a severe concussion, he felt the vehicle seized by some huge force and dragged into the air. Suddenly there was a screeching of metal on metal and then there was only silence. Unconsciousness Beckoned and Arun was not in the best condition to fight it off. Slowly, he slid into the inky blackness of oblivion.

Meanwhile, over fifty light-years away, there was a disruption in the tedious sameness of space. A pinprick of silver light spilled through an area that seemed darker than the vacuum around it. Slowly, like a reptile slithering forth from its den, the gunmetal grey of a spacecraft's hull slid from the anomaly. Without warning, the hole snapped shut and space returned to normal, but the spacecraft was

still there.

On the bridge of the rapid response transport, codenamed The Egg, a solitary figure in a simple uniform of a loose t-shirt and slacks monitored the area around the ship. The exit from slip-space had gone smoothly, actually better than anticipated and the rest of the personnel on the craft were still asleep in the cryo chamber. Silhouetted by the bluish glow of the console, the figure turned around. As he moved towards a door, his immense size became apparent. He was easily a good foot taller than the door and had to duck beneath it. He also moved with a fluid gait that told of an easy confidence in his deadly skill. He stopped at a raised podium and pressed a control stud on the side. A flickering image appeared and started to speak before it was fully activated.

"Chief! GroundComm has just announced that the infiltration team that was sent the Mkalle IV has gone out of contact and it is feared that they were either killed or..."

At that moment, The speakers on the bridge filled with static. Suddenly a deep voice rumbled over the ships intercom. The rumbling words filled the ship and filled all of those awake with loathing and dread. "Enemies of the Gods! Your time has come; you have slowed us with the destruction of the artifacts and greatly displeased the gods. We have your spies and your precious information crystals; we shall find your stronghold and finally appease the powerful ones!"

Those on duty looked at each other speechless until one loudmouthed ensign let loose a long, heartfelt string of obscenities at the inevitable conflict that loomed ahead. The personnel monitor sent a message to the cryo bays located to the rear of the ship indicating the number of operatives to be woken as well as which operatives to awaken. All the while, the single most important passenger slept on plagued by dreams and visions. The familiar question loomed, which were only dreams and which were events waiting to happen?

It was dark, so dark, in fact that even his bio-chemically enhanced vision was unable to penetrate the suffocating blackness. Spartan 117, known commonly among the noncoms and brass as The Master Chief, reached for his flashlight only to discover it to be missing. Still calm, he felt around him, revealing a massive open area with four slight indentations along its rectangular perimeter. Suddenly, there was light. It wasn't a huge flash of overwhelming intensity but rather a soft glow that build into a dull brightness. Unnoticed by the room's single occupant, the indentations along the walls had slid open, revealing rooms pulsing with a low purple light. There was silence for what seemed like an eternity until it all happened at once. From the portals streamed a massive presence, it felt huge and endless. The Spartan felt the entities endless hunger and malice that the thing's mere presence exuded. The Master Chief's training kicked in instantaneously, snatching his pistols from their holsters on his torso armor, he poured a steady stream of brass into the thing. The beast didn't seem to notice the explosive tipped shards of metal that appeared to disappear into its "skin". The malicious presence circled closer just avoiding physical contact with the platform the Master Chief was standing on with a sort of trepidation. After several minutes of sustained shooting, the pistols' hammers clicked on an empty magazine. The presence reared up, ready to strike, descended like a vengeful hammer and, disappeared.

The Chief woke with a start. It was nothing major, just a slight twitch of his arms and an uncharacteristic disorientation. Still the dream had shaken his normally calm demeanor, that meant that the strange dream had some sort of hidden meaning and warranted his attention for more than just a second. This was starting out to be a very strange mission already and it had yet to really begin....

Hey thanks for reading please review more coming soon

End
file.